

TRAMP PRINTER

Indulges in Incidental Remarks.

And Goes Into the Reflection Business Regarding the Subject of Matrimony.

Some Ideas Suggested by the Thoughtless Step of Barrere II.—A True Tale of the Towns (Not Relating to the Wedding).—Curiosity.

How doth the busy little bee
Improve each shining hour
Gathering honey all day long
From every opening flower?
—From the Avon.

If there's any one thing in this world and unhappy world calculated to make a fellow feel bluer than another, it is to realize that he has to stay at home and write staff for the paper, while he whose hired man the fellow is, is away getting joined in the holy bonds of matrimony and having a picnic. It is not inclined to arouse my literary inspiration to realize that while I am nearly as handsome and nearly as old and nearly as rich as Barrere II, he is now combining business with pleasure and assisting his queen in climbing Lookout Mountain, and exploring the highways and by-ways of Tennessee, while I—"lone boy"—am compelled, for lack of a paltry few of the base coin of the realm to stay at home—and remain a bachelor. Ah, methinks I can see him now, with his alpenstock in hand, standing by his side far up the mountain and looking over the valley, just as they now stand half-way up the rugged mountain of life, looking over the pictured vale of the past, and then upward at the rocks yet to be encountered before the summit be reached and the long and rugged—yet happy—pathway over which they have climbed can be beheld as in a panorama. I lie still, oh, beating heart, lie still and—lie still.

This thing of Be Barrere going off and getting married has however, in spite of the gloom his absence from town has cast over everything, although as I remarked just a moment ago not inclined to inspire one, has started my reflection machinery going, and I am now prepared to furnish A-1 XXX reflections upon matrimony at the lowest market price, competition defied, all work guaranteed. The reflection business is tolerable new to me, but still I think with practice, and such subjects to furnish fuel for my imagination, I can turn out reflections as good as any body else in the business.

IN THE FIRST PLACE
I am compelled to admit that an All-Wise Providence seems to do things for the best. Last week I had the Greenfield Fair to write about, and if he had taken a fool notion to commit matrimony a week earlier I couldn't have given the subject half the attention its importance deserves. Had the pass been accidentally delayed I might not have had this subject to handle for another week or two, and what I would have written about this week, must remain forever an unanswered conundrum. Having known the youthful scion of the house of Barrere from early childhood and being well aware of his kind, amiable and accommodating disposition, I sometimes half suspect that, realizing that my summer notes were about all used up, he just got married to afford me something to write about. Be always was good to me.

So all these surreptitious movements and unmistakably husbanding of resources of Barrere II have not been for naught. His head was level. That is, he knew his business all the time. He wasn't training that mustache just for fun, and he didn't wear that old shiny coat so long just because he loved it, or because he wanted to be meek and lowly. His head was not only level but long.

While I am in the reflection business I may incidentally remark that if Be should happen to fear that the office might swamp without his dignified presence and should happen to get back before the outside goes to press, this humble but extremely funny article may never meet your gentle gaze, sweet reader. If you are reading this, and I guess you are, you may gamble on the fact that the happy, blushing bridegroom didn't get back from Chattanooga until after 12 m. Monday, October 25, A. D. 1886. Be is awful modest. He never did court notoriety. I doubt if he will sufficiently appreciate the time and brain work I have put in on this article, now. He is built that way, and I shall be prepared to fly to fresh fields and pastures green when he sees me; for he's too dog-goned modest for any use, and the exact outcome of this, my humble epistle, is yet veiled in obscurity of the black Egyptian darkness variety.

MATRIMONY.
(Since I am started) is a peculiar thing to think about anyway, and one that has to be handled tenderly and gently. Celebrated as I am as a free gratis adviser on all other subjects with which I have grappled, allow me to incidentally remark right here that so far as matrimony is concerned I am non est on the advice.

In the first place, all I know about the matter I have got out of books, and it may be summed up in the words of Adam Weller's pa: "Beware of widows."

or other equally shop-worn chestnuts. Yet I feel that the importance of the case under consideration (and particularly in consideration of the fact that I got an invite) demands that I clothe myself in the habiliments of my dignity and mingle with my congratulations a few columns of advice, which if I do at all, will be done gently yet firmly, as befits the solemnity of the occasion.

The bride (and they do say Be has won a jewel) probably did not realize the rash step she was making. She was evidently kept in ignorance of the unhappy fact that cord-wood (bing!) and turnips (bing!)—who's ringing that gong?) are legal tender at the country newspaper office, and that dry goods stores dislike to pay for their ads. except in calico. And when in after years it will be considered among her household duties to make the paste semi-weekly and furnish a clean towel monthly for the office, she will realize that the life of the wife of a rural journalist is not one continual round of luxury and that she isn't going to be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease, as it were.

But, come to think of it, by the time Be has exhausted his inexhaustible supply of old proverbs (such as "waste not, want not," "go it while you're young," "look before you leap," "the early bird—" etc.) no advice that I could possibly give would be necessary. So I desist.

STARTLING
Indeed is the well-known fact that weddings are becoming remarkably infrequent in Hillsboro, and when one does take place it is looked upon as a public occasion and occupies the mouths of the gossips and the rest of us for months. It is also extremely noticeable that when the average Hillsboro young gentleman does take a notion to obey the scriptural mandate to "take unto himself a wife," etc., he generally seeks that commodity elsewhere, regardless of the fact that the "woods is full of 'em" around here. It is time for that august body of men who by the grace of God and the suffrages of the people compose our Board of Aldermen, to place a heavy tariff on all importations, and give Hillsboro parents a chance. If they don't our prospects for a large and healthy crop of old maids will not be equalled by the prospects of any other city of our size and importance west of Chillicothe. It is also worthy of note that of the few weddings that have taken place in Hillsboro within the past few years in not more than one out of five have both of the contracting parties been residents of the city. That "Hillsboro folks have got each other's pedigree down too fine to marry each other" has been mentioned as the why-fore-ness of this, but as I am not even slightly interested in it myself I offer no reason, and want none. I merely mention it—incidentally.

No one has ever more beautifully or feelingly expressed woman's relation to man than the late brilliant Fitz-Hugh Ludlow. Here is what he wrote: "All the life of the young man is but a pilgrimage from one sweet woman's breast to another. Out of the bosom, from whose life he came, he goes, voyaging wearily, painfully, and rest he hath none, until he comes to that sweet woman's breast with whose life he is to be forevermore."

Fitz-Hugh was probably right. I hope to be able to tell you all about it (if Barrere II spares my life) in fifteen or twenty years from now.

The following lines narrate something that really happened. If you have survived my matrimonial reflections you are at liberty to tackle this:

"OLD ISAACS."

A REPORTER'S TALE OF THE TOWNS.
Did you ever loaf round the station house and study the faces there
When their owners are called from out the row
To face the Judge's chair?
'Tis worth one's time to do so; you'll see funny things and sad
Mid the crowds of frail humanity, fast going to the end.

Among them you will find the young, who yet may mend their ways.
And the whitened oldsters, who behind the bars will end their days.
The young, whose children's faces do not match an evil life
And the old and wrinkled reprobates from dens where sin is rife.

As one whose pencil earned his bread I used to think it sport
To be sent down from the office to write up the mayor's court.
And many a day have I sat at my desk, watching the rabble pass,
From the irreclaimable drunkard to the wayward, penitent lass.

Some faces became familiar they're seen so often there;
They merely answer a sentence with a careless, meaningless stare,
While others entertain the Judge with a "little piece of their mind."
And the new ones cry: "Old Isaac" was one of the former kind.

"Old Isaac" sure, was a queer old bum; his face was too well known,
And he never expected mercy from behind the Judge's throne.
Though "drunk"—"disorderly"—"vagrancy"—"tossing 'gully, yer honor"—the same
And he always got the limit marked down against his name.

One morn' he'd taken his little dog and fallen into line.
He'd rather go to the workhouse than pay the clerk his fine.
When a weeping girl went forward, her bright eyes dim with tears
(I'd judge she'd been in this sad world some thirty or forty years)
She had no money to pay her fine, and sobbing

she took her place
When some one stepped from the waiting line
—we recognized the face—
I couldn't keep from giving the Journal man a nudge
I thought "old Isaac" was fixing himself to "get back at" the Judge.

But no; he reached in the pocket of his ragged, greasy vest
And drew forth a greasier wallet (if he didn't I'll be blent!)
And with the air of a monarch and a careless sort of a jerk
He tossed a bill that was grainer yet on the desk in front of the clerk.

"She's young, poor thing," he softly said, and stepped into the ranks
Before the girl had time to turn to him and sob her thanks:
And he added, beside, as the penitent child ceased to wring her hands and moan
"I need to have a girl, Judge, just like her of my own."

Yet poor old Isaac may pass away, a sentence or his head;
And no one in this selfish world will care that he is dead;
But I know lots of people familiar with text and creed
Who might a useful lesson learn from that vagrant's noble deed.

The following lines are also founded upon facts: ctmotiv.

[Not from the Century Bric-a-lac.]
I am a youth who serenades;
I gently twang my light guitar
As autumn moonlight softly fades
And gray clouds dim each twinkling star.
Beneath the caressment of my love
I warble, "Ah my heart is broken,"
Or play for her—"my turtle-dove—"

"Good-bye, the parting words were spoken."
And when at last I make a sneak
From out her papa's grizzly lair
I feel a bluish steel on my cheek,
And there it lingers—till it's gone.
Did you ask why? I'll tell you—
But, if "will end your wild unrest—"
Since I am pressed—
I blushed, Jack, when she lit the gas
She should suspect that I had guessed
How she was freed.

Persons who lead a life of exposure are subjected to rheumatism, neuralgia, and lameness, and will find a valuable remedy in Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment; it will banish pain and subside inflammation. For sale by Seybert & Co.

Common Pleas Court.
J. C. Norton vs. W. C. Newell. On bond. Settled; terms to be furnished.

James Atwell vs. Jonathan Ross. Dismissed at plaintiff's costs.

Mary C. Fry vs. Catherine Duncan. Damages. Dismissed at plaintiff's costs.

C. M. Overman vs. John Foster et al. Not asside deo. Settled.

C. M. Overman as trustee, vs. The Clin. Hocking & Hamilton B. R. et al. Dismissed at plaintiff's costs.

B. W. Creed vs. Allen T. Hiser et al. Money only. Settled, dismissed, costs paid, no record.

The First Nat. Bank of Hillsboro, O., vs. Daniel and Thos. Cummings. Money. Settled and dismissed.

C. B. Moore vs. Mary Ufner. Appeal. Settled; terms to be furnished.

Henrietta Patton vs. Ann Wiese; Thos. Patton, et al. Dower. Dropped; plaintiff dead.

Peter H. Edwards vs. Henry W. May. Foreclosure. Judgment for \$478.66 at 7 per cent. from 18th of October.

The First National Bank of Hillsboro, O., vs. Thomas Foster. Attachment. Settled. Terms as entry.

The Citizens' Nat. Bank of Hillsboro, O., vs. Thomas Foster. Attachment. Settled.

Benj. Heller, et al., vs. Benj. Heller, Jr. Foreclosure. Settled. Dismissed, costs paid, no further record.

James Dutton vs. John Dutton et al. Partition. Order of partition.

Frank E. Burnes vs. Ellen Woods et al. Partition. Order of partition.

The Hillsboro Hardware Co. vs. Jacob Chapman and Wm. Daniels. Money. Settled. Dismissed at plaintiff's costs.

One Cox vs. Edward Taylor. Bastardy. Dismissed at plaintiff's costs.

Don't Experiment.
You can not afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always starts at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more money by selling the cheap imitation than he can by selling the genuine. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all throat and chest affections. Trial bottles free at Seybert & Co.'s drug store.

Probate Court.
Will of John Florence filed.
Will of Nancy Garrett probated.

H. D. Davis, assignee of Isiah Roberts, filed first and final account.

Joseph Spilker, administrator of Charles Spilker, filed first account.

Will of Thomas B. Douglas probated.
Will of Daniel Collins probated.

G. W. Murphy, guardian of the estate of Anna B. Butler, filed inventory.

H. M. Brown, adm'r of the estate of John Brown, who was guardian of the estate of Ivy and Wm. Russ, filed fourth and final account.

OBJECT OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

Some of the Leading Factors in the Upbuilding of Our Sunday-Schools.

Useful Suggestions to Teachers of Scriptures.

The following paper was read by Mr. Frank Foust at the Clay Township Sunday School Union, held at Pricetown, October 3d, and is published in our columns by request:

MR. PRESIDENT, BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—In entering upon the duties assigned me to-day, taking into consideration the position I occupy in connection with the Sunday School, I shall offer no apology whatever, but will simply say to you, bear with me while I attempt to convey to you the wishes of some of my brethren, in presenting a few thoughts on the Sunday School needs of the present day.

First, then, I desire to say, this is a subject in which every earnest Christian who is engaged in the upbuilding and advancement of the Sunday School, and the propagation of the gospel, should be deeply interested. But, notwithstanding the fact that I feel deeply interested in this work and am willing to assist in its perpetuation to the extent of my ability, yet I shall not be able to discuss this topic to the degree that its title would demand, or to go over all the grounds in detail that it could be made to include, yet I shall hope to take up and present to you some of what I believe to be the leading factors in the upbuilding of our Sunday Schools, and the onward march of Christianity and civilization.

Now, while it is true that any means employed for the propagation of the gospel should have its origin and source in the Divine Word of God, and that all should work in perfect harmony and tend with an eye single to the one grand object, that of the sowing broadcast all over our land the glorious truths of the gospel of our salvation, yet there are many who are engaged in this purpose are numerous, and in selecting from a list, one would certainly find the Sunday School standing at the head. And in my argument upon this subject, I shall not be satisfied with simply naming or pointing out some of the impediments to its progress, but shall in connection, offer some suggestions which I deem of value in the Sunday School work.

The Sunday School, to start with, is the place where the characters of the children are molded for usefulness; the place where the glorious truths of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ are instilled into their youthful hearts, preparing them for the duties and obligations of a useful and honorable life. It acts as a stepping stone, as it were, to bring them up along the pathway of youth, preparing them step by step, with a knowledge of the saving grace of our Blessed Redeemer, and thus preparing them for a single moment, less of the Lord, and as teachers and preachers of the Word of God, to push on and advance the cause of Christianity. Could you conceive of any grander and nobler work in which we could be engaged, than that of molding the souls of our eternal life? Nay, there is none more grand. And since so great a value is attached to the result of a proper training in the Sunday School, the teacher in his Sunday School class, above all things, should seek and have constant possession of aim, from the fact that the work is in which mistakes are so frequently made, and the results so often barren. We must not fail to bear in mind that a child, in consequence of its inexperience and pliability, is much easier led astray than an adult, and that the teacher, when we consider the fact that the interests at stake are so much more momentous than those that simply concern the loss or gain of money, and that they include the eternal loss or gain of the soul of that child in whom he is centered the hopes of a father and mother. I say when we consider it in this light, we only are able to command a proper view on the great importance attached to a proper training in the Sunday School, and the teacher who would hope to meet with true success in his work, must ever look ahead to this one grand aim, and never for a single moment lose sight of the fact that he is educating and preparing souls for blessed eternity, that he is laying the foundation upon which the angels of our Heavenly Father, may hope to meet with success in the work.

Next, we shall consider some of the aims that the Sunday School teacher should ever keep in mind. First, he should aim at something definite. What we mean by this, is that the teacher should have well fixed and studied points, clearly defined in his own mind, pertaining to the lesson, so that he may be able to answer the question, "What is the aim of this lesson?" and be able to grasp its meaning, and thereby gain instruction. Fellow-workers in the Sunday School, let us wake up to a proper realization of our duties in regard to this work, and let us do away with this old-fashioned "random" way of teaching the Scriptures, and prepare ourselves with well gleaned facts pertaining to the lesson, and apply them with a definite purpose, and an expectation of worthy results. Let it be remembered, also, that in teaching, and hearing recitations, it is not necessarily teaching. Too many Sunday School teachers, I fear, spend the forty-five minutes allotted them in discussing some historical event of the Scriptures to their class, or otherwise occupying the time in the discussion of matters that are far too deep for the comprehension of the child, and thus the time is lost that should have been spent in telling the child in a simple, concise manner, the well studied facts of the lesson, to which I have just referred. Remember, my brother, that teaching implies the learning of something unknown and something definite, which goes to make up the scriptural knowledge of the person taught. Always ask yourself the question, after a Sunday School recitation, "Have I presented anything to my class that would add distinctly and positively to their scriptural knowledge?" If so, well done; if not, you have failed.

Second, aim to impart some knowledge at each recitation, to every pupil. This you will experience as a somewhat difficult point, and one that will require some effort on your part to attain, from the fact that every class will contain pupils more or less who are inattentive, perhaps indolent, and not unfrequently you will find some who are altogether perverse, while on the other hand, the same class will contain those directly antithetical to the class just described. Now is experienced the tug of war by the teacher, to resist the temptation to give his entire time and attention to those bright, ardent, loving pupils, to the gross neglect of the unconcerned. But remember, my brother, that with the great responsibility resting upon you as a Sunday School teacher, such a course would be totally unwise, and for that pupil's ignorance in the Scriptures, you are to a very great degree responsible. By thus reasoning, fellow-teachers, taking upon ourselves the responsibility of all failures, we only can be able to fully realize our duty as a Sunday School teacher. Let us be very careful, then, to not neglect those who are negligent of themselves. Let us learn a valuable lesson from the farmer, who is not satisfied with simply gleaning a few heavy sheaves here and there, but labors diligently to bring about substantial returns from every foot of the soil. The most of his attention you will find is given to the weaker plants, while the hardy, vigorous plant will thrive of itself. The very best means possible, then, to secure attention, to create an interest, and prevent the loss of scholars, together with promoting the interest in general of your class, is to see that each pupil, at each recitation, has gained, manifestly, some scriptural knowledge.

This leads us to the third aim. Let your instructions be scriptural. The Divine Word of God is, or should be, the only text book for all Sunday Schools. The teacher who would occupy his time otherwise than in giving instructions from the book, is not fulfilling his mission. The time allotted is too often spent I fear, by teachers relating some anecdote or otherwise telling stories of a trivial character, and thus, while the class may be amused and perhaps held in rapt attention, yet it may also follow that they may leave the recitation without having gained one iota of Bible knowledge. Then, my friends, you will plainly see, that it is not only our duty to see that the class collectively is instructed, but that it is learning something every Sunday; that some of them is learning something; but it is our imperative duty, by virtue of the position we occupy, to see that each and every pupil learns something every Sunday, and that the knowledge is gained from and pertains to the Scriptures.

Fourth, and above all, let your aim be to present to your class the Holy Scriptures in such a manner as will make them realize, that upon a full comprehension of the divine commands laid down therein, depends the final and eternal welfare of their soul. This should be the greatest and grandest aim of each and every Sunday School teacher. This is the one great object that he should never for a single moment lose sight of, and all he says and does should contribute to the one great and grand thought of the eternal salvation of the souls of those whom he is teaching. This is the point at which we are brought into connection with the church work. When the pupil has been brought up step by step, through a careful and well directed training in the Sunday School, and has reached the point where he is made to realize his duty and obligation to the church, and the power vested in the ministry takes hold of him, and through its agency he is entered into the vineyard of the Lord, where he is prepared and equipped to go forth battling for the cause, and presenting the glorious truths of the gospel to those who are to follow in his work. Thus it is that the Sunday School acts as a stepping stone to bring them up to this point, where they are ushered off into the fields of labor, armed with sufficient knowledge to act as a leader and guide to those who are perhaps still ignorant of the saving power of the gospel of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

But just here, we will be obliged to leave the matter with you, hoping that we have offered some suggestions that, with careful consideration, you may be able to apply with favorable results. And hoping that the Sunday School teachers in general may be awakened to a proper understanding of the duties implied to the position they occupy, and that all may enter into the work for the coming year with a renewed courage and inspired zeal, with an earnest determination to contribute more toward the propagation of the gospel, and the sowing broadcast the seed that is to ripen into eternal life. Professing you my heartfelt sympathy and aid in the work, I shall close by invoking the blessings of God to rest with and upon all who are engaged in the furtherance of the Sunday School interests, and the general upbuilding and promotion of the cause of Christianity. Brethren, let us prove faithful in this work, ever entreating those who are outside the fold to lay claim to an interest in the precious blood that was shed for them, to look to Christ as the only hope of their salvation, and thus lay up for themselves treasures in heaven, by making their actions such as will go to make up the sentence of "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joys prepared for you, from the foundation of the world." When we have served out the few short years allotted us here and God shall have said, "This is enough, come up higher," that the gladdest sound of this glorious sentence shall greet the ears of each and every individual in the presence today, is the prayer of your friend and brother.

Free Trade vs. Tariff

Is one of the living issues of to-day in the great corporation of Uncle Sam. Her sons seem radically divided on the benefit to be derived from the adoption of free trade. Among the sons of Demos, many hold to the doctrine of absolute free trade, while others favor a tariff for revenue only. The free trade faction seem to think the adoption of the motto "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights" and carrying out its principles would insure universal prosperity to all our people. The other faction seems to hold that a tariff for revenue only might be a good thing. But they have not defined exactly what a tariff for revenue signifies. The nearest approximation to a definition we have of what they consider a tariff for revenue only, was in their attempt not to revise the tariff under which our country has prospered for two years, but to level the whole thing by a twenty per cent. reduction on the tariff schedule. Although unable to effect anything, because of a minority in the Senate, the effort showed the animus by which they were governed, and combined with other causes, shook business confidence, from which the country has not recovered after the lapse of years. But the claim is put forth by the anti-protectionist that they are the poor man's friends, meaning those of our own government. John Randolph hated protection so badly that he once remarked, "he would walk a mile out of his way to get to kick a sheep," all because of his hatred to New England manufacturers, and their demand for protection. He even carried this hatred so far that he took his books over to England to have them bound, all to favor the poor workmen of his own country. Poor, down-trodden Ireland once had her flourishing manufactures, but under the free trade system of England they have almost disappeared. France claims and exercises the right to protect her citizens against all outside competition, and the result is she could pay the enormous indemnity demanded by Prussia in less time than many nations would have required to bond it. But to come "down to hard pan" at home. The party that gave us a national currency, unequalled by any other nation for its adaptability to the wants of our people and its sterling honesty; the party that vowed the stars and stripes should wave over an undivided country; the party that was called into existence by the effort of this poor man's party to extend human bondage upon soil, by solemn compact forever dedicated to freedom; to force the poor man of the North to work beside a human chattle that could be bought for five hundred dollars, still lives, and to-day lays down the principle that our people must be protected, not from the emigration of the overwhelming numbers of Mongolians, but also from the half-paid, half-fed and half-clad operatives of Europe. We would not be selfish. But "he that provides not for his own household is worse than an infidel." To permit the unrestricted emigration of the Asiatics to our shores would be to overwhelm our people and destroy our free institutions; to open the flood gates of free trade to the world would be to break down the larger portion of all our manufactures.

We can manufacture with the same priced labor as low as any people on the globe, but our mechanics and operatives are fed and clothed and their children are sent to school. Reduce their wages to a European standard, which free trade will do, if adopted, and semi-starvation, ignorance and nakedness would be the inevitable result; or the millions now engaged in manufactures would have to seek some other occupation. But then free trade is to cheapen what the farmer has to buy. Adopt it and he will find to his cost when too late, that it will, in a short time, raise the price of what he has to buy and lessen what he has to sell. Let the fires smolder away in our furnaces; let our spindles rust in the mills; let our operatives become tramps to wander over our country to eke out a precarious subsistence by digging in the ground or any other way that chance might afford. Let our farmers ship their produce across the ocean, to feed the operatives there, and pay the freight on the raw material there, and the goods back again. Let our farm hands come in competition with the millions that are engaged in manufacturing, when we can now feed the world, and by the time we all get harnessed in the new order of things, we will begin to look back with longing eyes to the flesh pots of Egypt. We will then learn that one cent on a yard of calico, or five cents on a yard of jeans is not much to us, when it means bread to the millions and good prices to the farmer for his produce. Put ten thousand operatives at work in Highland county, and what would it add to our wealth. Our boys would not be seen leaving the hills, wending their way, with corn cut in hand, to Fayette county, hunting a job. We would have more than we could do to raise corn, wheat, potatoes, cabbage and turnips to feed our own workmen. New life would be infused into every department of business.

This is one of the issues more squarely before us, and in a few more days we will tell by our ballots whether we are on the side of the old hickory broom and the old silver dollar, or whether we are on the side of progress and prosperity. Let every voter ponder well the issue. How much of the hoarded millions from the United States Treasury that was to be scattered on the election of Cleveland have you got? What has been the extent of the boom that has struck us since the attempt at the horrible tariff reduction? Will some noble Democrat inform us? We pause for a reply.

BARTUS.
FOREST HOME, October 25th, 1886.

To Teachers of Union Township.

All teachers interested in the O. T. R. C. are requested to meet the Union Township Teachers' Reading Circle at Russell's, Saturday, Nov. 13th, at ten a. m. An interesting meeting is expected, and it is desired that all persons in the township who are interested in reading circles and can help the cause in any way, be present. An interesting program is being prepared, and it is the duty of the teachers of Union to attend, as it is desired to organize a strong reading circle.

By Order Executive Committee.

HENRY G. WILLIAMS.

GREENFIELD.

October 23d, 1886.
Brother Will H. Shade of "Tramp Printer's" elaborate description of the Greenfield Fair, in last week's News-Herald, is proof that a man's past recollections in some cases may be better than the present. His description of the Fair was rather too unsensational in many respects to describe it in its true light. We all admit the first day was very promising, the second day on account of rain was a failure, but the last day was a decided success, and the proof of it are the receipts, which will pay all expenses. The receipts on the last day amounted to about twenty-three hundred dollars, and about all taken in on twenty-five tickets. Had the weather been favorable the Board would have come out about one thousand dollars ahead. But the Fair is over and the drawbacks could not be avoided. We had one good day which will pay all debts, and everybody is satisfied. No offense, Brother Shade; your description was jolly and sensational, just in keeping with your nature.

William Robinson came up from Cincinnati to-day, to spend Sunday at home and among his young friends.

Mr. Edward Kennedy and little daughter, after spending several weeks here visiting old friends and relatives, left for their home in Nelson, Nebraska, on Monday morning.

General S. H. Hurst, of Chillicothe, is announced to deliver a political speech at this place Thursday, October 28th.

Mr. G. W. Reed, the present landlord of the Park Hotel in this place, is engaging somewhat in the show business. He is now making arrangements to have another first-class troupe here in a few days.

The brick work on Mr. T. M. Elliott's new hotel on the corner of Washington and Church streets, was completed last week. The building is a fine structure for the purpose for which it is built, and standing where it does, is a great ornament to the town.

Several dogs in the vicinity of Greenfield went mad last week, but were soon killed, with the exception of one large white one owned by the Dunn family living near East Houson. It evaded its owner and came through town and passed over into Ross county, where it was allowed and killed near the place where it was. Aroby Maine, where it was found fighting with a couple of other dogs. The entire dog lot was killed on each and all buried in the same hole.

Miss Sid Huff, living in the vicinity of Centerville, and well known in this place, was reported dangerously sick this week.

Dr. Test looks somewhat proud over his new office.

Mr. David Blinder and wife returned to their home at Mt. Sterling last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fullerton are on a visit to friends at Decatur, Ill.

Messrs. Fred Young and Charles Marshall are spending a few days at the Lake near Sandusky, fishing and hunting.

Mr. Charles Boyd and family spent a few days last week visiting Mrs. Boyd's parents near Cincinnati.

Several of the parties who left in such haste for the Fair West from this section last fall and spring, are returning one by one to their old haunts. Two or three came back last week.

The dog poisoner was spotted in a good work last week; several worthless canines bit the dust from eating dog meat.

Rev. A. N. White, pastor of the Baptist Church, preached at Hughes' school-house last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Whaley buried a two year old child last Saturday.

A stone walk has been laid in the alley running from Main street to Church, passing near the Park Hotel. Messrs. Reed and Pearce are the builders.

A colored man lifted five sacks of shot or 125 pounds with his teeth at Waddell's hardware store Friday morning.

Mr. Edward Norton is attending Commercial College at Springfield, Ohio.

Politics in this locality is about as dead as can be. We seldom hear the name of any candidate mentioned.

Among the residences pilfered by thieves near this place during the Fair, was Rev. John Barrett's, pastor of Pleasant Church, Ross county. Several valuable articles were stolen. Mr. John Taylor, living southwest of this place, had several articles of silver taken. Also, Mr. William Holton's, where quite a large haul in silverware was obtained.

G. W. Lefevre, the Republican candidate for Auditor, spent last Tuesday here, shaking hands with old friends.

FAIRFAX.
October 23d, 1886.
Wm. Hill, of Blue Creek, visited in our village this week.

R. S. Trout, of Rome, O., called on his mother and friends this week.

W. H. Reno made a business trip to Peebles Station yesterday, returning on Monday.